

MANY OF THE BUILDINGS IN HAMBURG ESCAPED BEING BURNED IN THE GREAT FIRE OF 1842, BUT THE INTENSE HEAT WARPED MOST OF THE SURVIVORS VERY MUCH OUT OF PLUMB.

(Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.) HAMBURG, October 8, 1895. A chilly feeling of disappointment came over me when I first struck the town. It was so much like Chicago, including the smoke, that I felt that I had made a mis-

take in coming here, expecting as I did to find everything different from America. With its six hundred and odd thousand inhabitants, with its bustle and rush, Hamburg has a passably metropolitan aspect. The buildings, while not so high as ours, are nearly all modern, and the streets in general remind one of the states, even if some of the cars are double-deckers run by dummy engines. But the feeling that I was at home again wore off after a while, as the strange things loomed up in rapid succession. My quarters are in a magnificently appointed hostelry on the Jungfersteig, a street forming one of the four sides of the Alster-Bassin, a charming water park in



A German With a Map of Ireland and a Hamburg Flower "Girl."

the heart of the town. The proprietor of the his long lost dollar. Then he went in and charged his effusiveness to my bill-but that's only a joke (like the one that got the Devilbug into trouble), for the hotel charges are reasonably low, and there are no extras to speak of. There is an elevator here hat the manager of the hotel is very proad of, even if it does wabble about in a nervous sort of way during its snail-like passage. The fabricula, as it is called, is run by a young man who is wearing his life to an early close in his maddening endeavors to do the right thing by the guests, for he throws open both the folding doors of the elevator, makes a grand salaam as he exits the do you and whenever you have a to be the lone passenger, persists in piloting you to your room. He seems to be in mortal dread of your getting hopelessly lost, thus falling to fee him on your final departure from the hotel.

The stove in my rooms resembles a ventilated safe, but I am not sure whether 'he big box in the office of the hotel is indeed a safe or only a refrigerator. I asked in English what it was and the clerk answered that the porter would procure me tickets for the opera if I wanted them. Then I tried my peculiar German on him. I could have my meals sent to my rooms if I wished, but it would be twenty-five pfennig extra for each contien. portion. So I am still in doubt. I let it go that I wanted to go to the opera and didn't press the safe question. The porter secured me seats for "Lohengrin"—best seats in the house for seventy-five cents—same company that we pay two or three dollars a throw for the states.

the states. Before I went to the opera I took a Before I went to the opera I took a street car ride, and saw a bit of the old town that escaped the big fire in 1842. A good many buildings were saved from being burned up, but they got terribly warped. They're propped all around, but I was awfully nervous while sketching a few of them. They seemed liable to fall at any moment, but I was assured by a soldat, who had made himself my volunteer protector, that they would last for many years yet. Those shaky old houses may be quite safe, but they don't look it. Afterward I went by another street car to the outskirts of the city and saw a whole slew of beautiful residences surrounded by parkof beautiful residences surrounded by parklike grounds. One can see everything from
a street car or other low vehicle in Germany. There are no prison walls or impenetrable hedges around the handsome
residences and finely laid out grounds of
the wealthy people here, as there are in
England. The British "hupper clawses"
are always in deadly fear that the "cawmon people, doncher know," will steal or
even see what their bettaws have got.
Neither have the Germans cultivated that
awful I-haven't-the-pleasure-of-your-acquaintance manner that makes life so
agreeable to the stranger in England. of beautiful residences surrounded by park-

agreeable to the stranger in England. Then I visited the Free Harbor. There I saw the shipping and the sailors. Every one is willing to speak to the stranger in Hamburg on the slightest provocation—unlike the English exclusive—even if he can't quite grasp what you are saying. They're all very polite, and I am getting a little bit that way myself.

As an everture to my dinner I ordered a half dozen Holland oysters. Afterward the order was increased to four dozens. Few tourists will admit it, but I firmly believe that one of the principal reasons for their leaving their comfortable homes, with all the modern conveniences with which these same homes are previded to which these same homes are provided, is to get a change of food and drink. And they get it with a vengeance. I have met a

to get a change of food and drink. And they get it with a vengeance. I have met a humber of my countrymen on their way back to the states, and about the chief topics of their conversations were the hotels and restaurants that they had visited. "Don't go to such and such a town," a sample tourist would insist vigorously. "The hotel there is vile, and the stuff at the restaurants is only fit for Eskimos." They haven't a word to say about the natural or the historical attractions of the places they have visited—of course there are exceptions.

"To be frank, one soon gets into that way one's own self," remarked a friend who left New York last spring, not for amusement, but to make a close study of Pompelian excavations. He was already a past master of American vernacular. At the restaurants here in Hamburg it is rather startling to an American when he finds his order filled with such superfluors finish of detail. Imagine ordering a roasted chicken and having the head and feet paternal government requires it. The German government is peculiar in some things if I may say so without embroilling myself with the imperial authorities. The government is the first of the fowl, is the small red birds are

DEPERENT HAMBURG

with some of the meats they serve. The people. I learn from perfectly unreilable sources, are circumscribed in their lists of topics for conversation, though I must confess that I have not discovered any restrictions from personal observation. They den't allow people to "roast" the emperor, and I shouldn't permit them to if I were in his place, nor would Mr. Cleveland if he had his way. Now, I hope that squares me with the government of the German empire. The Hamburgers are at least allowed to talk about the weather, and they certainly have a great variety of it to talk about. Hamburg people like to talk about the weather, and they certainly have a great variety of it to talk about. Hamburg people like to talk about the weather and they certainly have a great variety of it to talk about. Hamburg people like to talk about the weather and bout the weather and bout the weather and they certainly have a climate of its own. The three-towered town is well as are the claimst they have to put up with. There is nothing so bad for miles. If Chicaso, the competent ways to the contract of the form the came by this features by accident, and that it wasn't even a corruption of Men it is going to do or when it is going to go or when it is goin

While the tipping system is quite as much an established nuisance in Germany, it is not quite so apparent on the surface. it is not quite so apparent on the surface. But you can't get along without tipping, just the same. As in England, everybody is looking for a tip. That is to say, everybody except a few grafs and barons and bons. They'd like to be tipped, too, but their family escutcheons keep them from it. Sometimes they become very poor and go to the United States and hire out as waiters. They accept tips then.

I am wondering whether I shall have to tip both my chambermaids—I mean whether they both expect tips. It requires two of them, it seems, to "do up" my room. They travel in pairs all over the house, like policemen in a tough district—for protection? There are no regular bell boys, but around the hotels are innumerable small "Knechts"—midgets in full dress—who are always

There are no regular bell boys, but around the hotels are innumerable small "Knechts"—midgets in full dress—who are always ready to fly at your command. Lucklly, a few pfennigs satisfies their cravings.

If there is any one thing here that is more than another deserving of condemnation it is the national brand of cigars that they smoke as a steady diet in Germany.

The cigars are chexp—and that is absolutely the only kind word one can use in speaking of them. There are imported cigars to be had here, but these apparently are stored in such close proximity to the domestic cigars ("domestic" by courtesy; the tobacco is wild—untamable) that the imported cigars lose all their original Cuban patriot flavor. There is not, so far as I have heard, any government inspection of cigars, but most of the people who smoke them adopt individual sanitary precautions against the effluvial German cigar. They accomplish this by means of long cigar holders, which keep the smoke out of the rostrils of the smokers. There ought to be a bell or rattle attached, to give warning of the smoker's near approach. What they reed here is a good smoke inspector.

reed here is a good smoke inspector.

I trust that my host of German friends on the other side of the Atlantic will not on the other side of the Atlantic will not seriously object to the harmlessly intended caricatures I have made, and intend still to make, of their countrymen. I trust that they will agree with me in thinking that there is no particular reason why I should be more careful about hurting the feelings of the Germans in Germany than the latter reacheut ridicaling Americans, in seneral of the Germans in Germany than the latter are about ridiculing Americans in general, native or naturalized. Wait until I get to Ireland, mein lieber freund. And wait until I get to France. Wait for me. The people of Germany-those that I have seen in Bremen, Hamburg and Lubeck—are cer-tainly not all like those I have sketched, any more than they are all like those the

There are in Hamburg a few human relics, as well as architectural reminiscences. Of the former the most numerous are the flower women, or "girls," who sit around the principal public resorts and quietly



And the Elevator Kept Agoing.

await nurchasers for their sweet-scented await purchasers for their sweet-scented wares. They are dressed quaintly in a costume that has been in vogue among the flower sellers of Hamburg for ages.

These "girls" are rever abducted. Theirs is a style of beauty that is unique, but very much out of date.

The parks of the three German cities that I have visited are all fine. It is not necessary to put "keep off the grass" signs in the parks in this country. The people are too well behaved. Their early training has been full of things that they mustn't do, and besides they know they'd take a good chance of being cut down by the swords of the sparrow-cops if they walked on forbidden places. But I shouldn't write in this manner when I know full well that the parks in Germany are placed in the care of the public. Every one is put on his honor to assist in keeping everything in the best of order. There isn't that desire here to climb under the ropes that there is in the land where the eagle screameth, and where The parks of the three German cities that land where the eagle screameth, and where German comic papers so artistically and cleverly depict; but there are enough of them. I must assert, not to make it necessary for one to lose much time looking for them.

In Lubeck, which is only a couple of hours from here the nearly are majorn in the couple are majorn in the couple of the parks in Germany, there would be less complaint against the picnic parts in our parks. Here the people are hours from here, the people are modern in their ways, activitiatanding the ancient appearance of their surroundings. It is the cleanest, prettiest place I have yet struck.



SKETCHES OF THE DELIGHTFUL ATLANTIC CITY OF HUBECK.

The houses are cozy and homelike, the stores tastily arranged and attractive to stores tastily arranged and attractive to the passer-by—so alluring, in fact, to me that I nearly lost myself following a delightful trail of quaint sheps through a winding street. For a peaceful, lovely city, give me old Lubeck, but give me no more of the marzipan, for which it is noted. Marzipan is the most indigestible substance, except putty or a railway station sandwich, that my interior ever came into contact with. Marzipan is a very sweet and rich sul stance, besides being raw. It isn't cake and it is cake. You'll simply have to keep guessing. It must be tasted to be realized, and my advice is, don't taste it. and my advice is, don't taste it.

There is nothing to recommend about the

laundries that have unraveled my under-wear in Hamburg. In England the vandals commenced the destruction of my fine linen, not to speak of a magnificent assortment of silk, cotton and fiannel goods. Here the job is being completed. In England they started in by bringing me specimens of articles in the "gents" furnishing goods line that other fellows had sent to goods line that offer fellows had sent to the wash, and by putting saw edges on my new American collars—peace to their ashes. The chambermaid said, with a great air, that they had a steam machine to do the clothes with. In my case the laundry ma-chine must have been mislaid and a har-vector substituted ester substituted.

In Hamburg they do up shirts like your use of being severe about such trifles? It is more than probable that there is a starch famine in town. Yet, from the laundry list they gave me to make an inventory on, I was led to expect wonders. It was in three larguages, and had the general appearance of an internal search warrant.

The citizens of Hamburg wear their mustaches—of course, I mean the male citizens—in the prevailing style, the military style; and it is effective, if not actually pleasing

to the eye.

Three American tourists whom I met in Lubeck at a little austellung or exhibition, which was held there until a few days ago,

everywhere. "Standing room only" is sign no more needed than "keep off the grass."

There are besides plenty of places when

There are besides plenty of places where music is provided and places for the shelter of thousands in case of sudden showers. But at the theater the behavior of the Germans is simply scandalous. We Americans like to have people act like mourners when they are in parks and such places of recreation, but at the theater or at the opera we have a right to expect something different.

What is the use of people going to a the

different.

What is the use of people going to a theater if they don't chatter while the performance is going on? And for what earthly reason does your best girl buy a cart-wheel hat, if not to wear it at the theater? The attention that is given to the play or the open in the theater. theater: The attention that is given to the play or the opera in the Hansaic cities is, as I have said, scandalous. I can find no better word than that. These people didn't move or make a sound until an act is over, and then they all go out to a big hall—corridor or foyer seems too small to ex-



How the Spring Chicken Was Served

press it—and chatter for all they are worth, and drink, if they feel like it. What is the use of chattering if you can't spoil somebody else's enjoyment, I should like to know.
Hats are no more permitted in German theaters of the first class than are dogs. The gentlemen are even expected to check

their hats and canes.

Don't we do these things better in the states? man government requires it. The German and government is peculiar in some things, if I may say so without embroiling myself with the imperial authorities. The government doesn't permit people to express too much in the opinion way, and I am keeping within the law by sending my crade opinions by post. It is a strong government they have here, somewhat in keeping man government is peculiar in some things, let their bush their mustaches in German style; until the natives thought the tourists belonged to the vaterland, and no longer expected tips from them.

They say that the German men all wear their mustaches in the same fashion that their mustaches in their way. The people who frequent office buildings specially are athletes—made so by the elevators in these buildings. They're athletes—of the same kind as are our people, in their way. The people who frequent office buildings specially are athletes—made so by the elevators in these buildings. They're athletes of the same kind as are our people, in their way. The people who frequent office buildings specially are athletes—made so by the elevators in these buildings. They're athletes—the mustaches in the same fashion that their mustaches in the same fashion that their mustaches in the same fashion that their way. The people who frequent office buildings specially are athletes—made so by the elevators in these buildings of the same kind as are our people. The Hamburgers are a sporty people, in their way. The people who frequent office buildings specially are athletes—made so by the elevators in these buildings. They're athletes of the same kind as are our people

vators in the Hamburg office buildings never stop during business hours. You have to catch 'em a-going and catch 'em a-comirg. They're an endless chain of little cars to catch 'em a-going and catch 'em a-coming. They're an endiess chain of little cars that go spinning from floor to floor and then down again, but never stop for passengers. There are no doors, but just two openings in each floor—doorways without dcors. The cage glides past and the passenger has to jump in while it is going. Only two can ride at a time, for there is a sign inside that says so. The passenger has to take his charges. If he calculates correctly he gets inside all right. If he is a little wild in his tness as to the exact mement to jump in, the is liable to lose a head or an arm or two, not to speak of the possibilities in the way of legs. I enjoyed it immensely. By great good luck I managed to get in without the loss of a single limb, but I made eight round trips before I plucked up coursige to make an exit. At last I jumped and lit into a man with a large waist measure and an overweight temper. It was a good thing that I can't understand German when spoken very fast. understand German when spoken very fast. Otherwise I might have felt insulted at the language he sputtered at me. No one can tell what the consequences might have been.

CHARLES LEDERER.

STATESMEN FOND OF CATS.

President Cleveland and Mat Quay Among Them-Tom Platt's Cat Julius. From the New York Sun.

Several leading statesmen and politicians have lately shown a great fondness for cats. Possibly the popular belief that cats have nine lives, and cannot be downed, has made them the mascot of the politicians, whose fortunes are always at hazard. Anyhow, it's a fact that cats now reign in the affections of some prominent people.

President Cleveland has six of them, and

no nook or corner of the White House is sacred from them. Senator Hill, who has been accused over and over again of hav-

sacred from them. Senator Hill, who has been accused over and over again of having no human affections, has lately succumbed, and now rejoices in the possession of two cats, known as Tom and Jerry, who have the run of his beautiful home at Wolfert's Roost. Whenever he is at home the Senator has these pets about him, and he appears to be very fond of them. Some of his Tammany friends have been disappointed because he did not choose tiger cats, but the Senator says they have the proper spirit, and that is all that is necessary. They are all coal black, which color sets off to advantage their flashing eyes.

Friends of Mr. Thomas C. Platt know that he has been sad since the loss of Julius, his pet. Julius was a large and well-educated animal, who always had a chair at the table with his master and mistress, and had the privilege of touching the bell at the conclusion of each course to summon the butler. Although Julius saw one dainty after another gerved at the table, he never manifested the slightest desire for any, but waited philosophically until after the meal was finished, when he was fed in the kitchen. Julius resided at Mr. Platt's home at Highland Mills, Orange county. Recently he contracted a cold, and, in spite of the best medical attendance and careful nursing, he died. In Mr. Platt's apartment at the Fifth Avenue Hotel is a beautiful oil painting, which cost him \$1,000. It represents Julius erect, with his bushy tail standing out behind him. It is a very natural portrait. Julius' eyes are particularly good. They seem to regard the beholder quizzically. Friends of Mr. Platt's contend that Julius had a good deal of his master's spirit, and that the expression so pronounced in the portrait has been seen on Mr. Platt's contenance more than once during the present sumpaign. They say that when Mr. Platt's trions in front of the portrait looking at M. there is a very marked resemblance between his eyes and the painted eyes of Julius. Julius was a tiger cat.

Ex-Gov. Flower's various residences are overrun wit

painted eyes of Julius. Julius was a tiger cat.

Ex-Gov. Flower's various residences are overrun with cats. He has two of the Maitese variety, which are extraordinarily intelligent. These he secured from a friend who runs a hotel at Adexandria bay. The cats are said to have taught the ex-governor a number of clever tricks in the way of dodging people. Senator Murphy has a big cat to whom he confides all his secrets. He is said to have temarked that his cat never betrayed him.

Mat Quay, the Penrsylvania boss, is another lover of cats, and has two of rare pedigree in his home at Beaver. Being a very secretive man, Mr. Quay has never told much about these pets, but it is alleged that every time the Goo Goo papers print stories about his being downed, the Sendtor goes home and has a jolly frolic with his cats.

## ABOUT APPENDICITIS.

#### The Necessity of Resort to an Operation Questioned.

From the New York Ledger. It is many a long year since so much unscientific and unnecessary butchery has been indulged in as is recorded in the treatment of appendicitis in the last few years. Severe pain and certain symptoms that might be attributed to a dozen other causes are charged to appendicitis, and a continuation of them suggests experiments to the minds of the doctors, and the operating table looms up in the immediate future as the only hope for life. There are yet many physicians who insist that eperations of this sort are absolutely necessary, but it is a hopeful sign of the times that some of the more conservative and experienced doctors declare that only in exceptional cases is surgery positively necessary. As a simple home treatment, several patients have been immediately relieved by drinking large quantities of pure salad oil. This appears to have a beneficial effect upon the entire lining membrune of the alimertary canal, the oil seemed to spread over the surface, allay-

Ing irritation and softening whatever food products may have lodged in the appendical sac.

The honsel-sical theory put forth by one The honselsical theory put forth by one member of the medical profession that no infant was properly equipped for life until by surgical means it had been deprived of the vermiform appendix, and thus fortified against future danger, is too silly to deserve a moment's consideration.

Millions of people have lived and died without ever knowing that there was such a thing, and the proportion of deaths that can by any possible means be attributed to this cause is extremely small. Some day dectors and nations will realize that a to this cause is extremely small. Some day doctors and patients will realize that a thorough washing out and cleansing of the interior of the body is quite as beneficial as the same process applied to the exterior. It is asserted by those who have had sufficient experience to entitle their statements to consideration that the thorough washing out of the digestive spnarough washing out of the digestive appar atus by means of tepid water properly purified would prevent at least half of the diseases from which humanity suffers.

## A Narrow Escape.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer. Capt. Gen. Spinner-"I may have transcended military discipline, sir, and perhaps ought to have captured the whole band of insurgents--" Gen. Decampus-"You had a fierce battle,

"We-er-made a stand, sir, and when we saw them coming over the distant hill—" "You charged them! Bravo, bravo, my

"No, sir; we—" Bring in the villains! "Ah, trapped them: Find "
We'll have a jolly killing "
"No, general, I—it may be I erred on the side of mercy, but when I saw them marching defiantly over the distant hill, I—"
"You what?"

"I hoisted a flag of truce and retired to give them a chance to bury their dead!" "Good! Bravo, boys? We'll have them wound up in a jiffy!

# A Matter of Music.

From the Detroit Free Press.
A 3d street man's neighbor had bought a new piano, and the daughter had been banging away on it ever since it had been in the house.

"Got a new plane. I hear," said the man over the back fence to his neighbor.
"Yes, Got it on the installment plan."
"Is that so? Wonder if your daughter can't let us have the music from it in the same way."

Adds to His Stock of Facts. From the Chicago Tribune. English tourist (out west): "Is it always as-aw-dangerous to travel about your

country as it is now?" Native: "Great Scott, no! This is the time of year when the train robbers are always doing their biggest killing and robbing. That's why we call it the Indian summer." English tourist (whipping out his note book: "Good 'eavens!"

Got a cold? Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrun.

Library of Congress Has Started to Leave the Capitol.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY ON STILTS

Forty-three Miles of Shelves to Hold Fourteen Miles of Books.

A BIG JOB FOR MR. SPOFFORD



HE MOVING OF the books from the Capitol to the new library of Congress has been begun Within the last fer days great quantities of duplicate volumes foreign parliament ary reports and other stuff of no immediate usefulness to anybody have been transferred. Mr. Spofford proposes to

effect the removal by degrees, and in such a way that the great collection under his charge shall be kept open to the public without any interruption by the change. There is scarcely any doubt that a tem porary elevated railway will be built for transferring the contents of the old library to the new one. It will run directly from the floor of the rotunda of the Capitol to the main floor of the building with the golden dome. Over it small cars, propelled by electricity, will carry loads of books When the job is finished the structure or stilts can be taken down and removed. The expense involved will not be great. This is Mr. Spofford's idea. Mr. Bernard Greene, the engineer in charge, has given up his plan, which was to utilize the tunnel that connects the Capitol with the new library. This is a brick-lined conduit, three feet un-This is a brick-lined conduit, three feet under ground, through which runs an electric car on wheels. This would serve to convey the volumes, but they would have to be lowered into the tunnel at one end and lifted at the other to the main floor of the library, involving much waste of labor.

Will Be Kept Together. The library will be moved not all at once, tut gradually, division after division. Po-etry is one division and fiction is another. Each division will be arranged by authors alphabetically. The divisions are split up into classes. American biography is a class

alphabetically. The divisions are split up into classes. American biography is a class and British biography is another. Each class will be arranged by authors according to the alphabet.

This method is original with Mr. Spofford. By an ingenious system of juggling with the alphabet, the new library will be arranged in such a fashion that any one of its 685,000 bound volumes or 230,000 pamphlets can be touched at a moment's notice. The great stacks of book shelves are so constructed that any class or division may be extended indefinitely without any trouble. These bookstacks have been likened to gigantic honeycombs of iron. There are three of them, the two great ones being each sixty-five feet high, one hundred and tweive feet long and forty-five feet wide. Each of these mighty book cases will hold \$00,000 volumes—more than the present entire contents of the library of Congress.

The biggest books in the library of Congress are bound files of old-fashioned newspapers. Among the heaviest are Bibles printed in the middle ages, with brass clasps and covers of wood an inch thick. Contrasted with these giants of the collection are dwarfs three inches by two in size, such as waistcoat-pocket editions of Horace and other classics. There are 20,000 bound volumes of newspaper files. Mr. Spofford binds regularly at least two newspapers representing each political party in every state and territory. In addition to these are many newspapers of the leading cities. The library of music is not bound as yet, though it will be some day. It comprises over 1,000,000 compositions. All of them have been contributed by publishers desiring copyrights.

The total bulk of these unbound pieces of

Rare and Queer Books. The total bulk of these unbound pieces of music is enormous, yet they will be so arranged that any one of them can be found at will be a room devoted exclusively to works relating in one way or another to George Washington. Besides, Mr. Spofford pro washington. Besties, Mr. Spofford pro-poses to establish a literary museum, in which rare and queer books of all sorts will be displayed under glass. Among them will be old Bibles and other volumes copied and illuminated by mediaeval monks. There will be an art rollom, for exhibiting be an art gallery for exhibiting the best of the pictures copyrighted during the last few years, and a separate room will be devoted

The bootstacks, which tower to the .oof of the building, are nine stories or tiers in height. They could just as easily have been made pineteen stories high, or twenty-nine stories, increasing proportionately the storage capacity for books. They are wholly of iron, floors as well as cases

## Like an Office Building.

Hand elevators, telephones, pneumatic tubes and other mechanical devices render the huge bootstacks like a lofty modern office building, equally useful and conve nient in all its parts. Little cars attached to endless chains will do all the handling of the volumes, carrying them from the stacks to the great central reading room and back again. The cars will run beneath the floor of the reading room, and all the machinery will be noiseless and invisible. Where a volume is wanted Mr. Spofford will take the paper ticket, signed by the reader, bearing the title of the work, and will drop it into the pneumatic tube that communicates with the stack and tier where that book is to be found.

In a second's time it is whisked through the pipe and delivered to the assistant librarian in charge of that division of the library. He takes the book from the shelf and puts it upon the first car that passes on its way downward to the reading room. On its ar ival there it is dumped automatically upor Mr. Spofford's desk.

Mr. Spofford's desk.

It is one thing to have a library and quite another to make the books accessible. In the new library of Congress the reader will be able to get a book in a small fraction of the time required at the Br.tish Museum or in any other great library of the world. By the property of the world. By the property of the world. telephones, pneumatic tubes and electric signals Mr. Spofford will be placed in immesignals air. Sponord will be placed in immediate touch with every volume in the building. He can, it may be said, place his hand at an instant's notice on any one of the 900,000 books and pamphlets. At the same time he is connected by telephone with the Senate and with the House of Representatives. tives.

#### By Telephone to Congress. Suppose a member of Congress wants a

certain book. Without leaving the legislative chamber he will be able to converse with Mr. Spofford as easily as if that gentleman were at his elbow. The apparatus employed will be of a quality so unusually employed will be of a quality so unusually fine that the faintest whisper will be clearly audible, making talking ensy. Mr. Spofford will instantly procure the volume required and will send it by the electric car through the underground conduit to the Capitol. The car will deliver it automatically in a room adjoining the rotunda. There a messenger will grab it and carry it to the member. Congressmen will get books from the new library much more easily and quickly than they have obtained them heretofore from the same collection them heretofore from the same collection housed in the Capitol. Besides having the telephone at his ear, Mr. Spofford will be connected with the Capitol by a pneumatic tube that runs through the subterranean tunnel. Through this tube Congressmen will dispatch slips with written orders.

Arranging the Books. On reaching the new library building, by

way of the temporary railway on stilts, the books in process of moving will be delivered in the central reading room, whence they will be conveyed by elevators to the stacks To arrange them will be an enormous task. of course. If the volumes were arranged side by side, as on a shelf, they would stretch about fourteen miles. But there are forty-three miles of shelves now empty and waiting to be filled. They will hold as many volumes, put side by side, as would extend from Washington to Baltimore, and

# NAGGING HABIT NOT A VICE.

Simply Nervous Weakness---Use Paine's Celery Compound.



Nagging is a disease, says an eminent physician celery compound, has become familiar to n the North American Review. "It is often," medical practitioner and family physician. in the North American Review. "It is often," says Dr. Edson, "the result of a disessed condition

or of strains on the strength." It is the nervous men and women who most rendly fall into that unfortunate class, and anything that does away with nervous weakness will cure the depression, irritability and the n. gging habit that so often accompanies a run-down, nerv-

Persons who lead an active life need something to invigorate their nerves and to give them fresh, reddy blood. It is the rebellious nerves overtaxed by domestic duties added to the constant living in the vitiated atmosphere of indoors that reduces the nervous strength of so many women. Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LL.D., presented

to his profession the results of accurate investigations in the medical laboratory. His formula for recruiting worn-out nervous tissues and building up the nerve centers when exhausted, this remarkable formula cow known the world over as Paine's

"Breakdown and nervous prostration come," say these physicians, "unless the great nerve centers representations of the great nerve centers are promptly fed upon proper nutritive material."

Paine's celery compound is the one great nerve feeder and nerve restorative. By its means all the functions of the body receive a fresh supply of nerve food. It encourages the body to manufacture food. facture an abundant supply of this indispensabl vital force, without which there can be no health strength nor happiness in living. From the lack

of herve force men and women are driven to despondency, melancholla, insunity and sufeide. Thousands of letters like the following from Mrs. Lizzie Arnott of Mansfield, Ohio, are received by the proprietors of Paine's celery compound every morth in the year: "I have used two bottles of Paine's celery compound for nervousness, and have found great re-

lief from its use. It is truly a wonderful remedy I am better and am using no more medicine now." RAIDED THE POST OFFICE.

four miles beyond. Space has been pro-vided for the erection of other stacks, which will contain 2,700,000 volumes, and 1,000,000 in addition could be stored in the

which will contain 2,00,000 volumes, and 1,000,000 in addition could be stored in the court yards. Thus, though it is expected that the Library of Congress some day will be the largest in the world, there is yet room for centuries of growth. When the collection has reached 6,000,000 volumes every one of them will be accessible at a moment's notise.

That collection is the third largest in the world, having 1,000,000 volumes. The national library of France is the biggest in existence, containing 2,225,000 books. The British Museum has 1,700,000 volumes, and the Russian national library 1,000,000 volumes. Thus it appears that the library of Congress holds only the fifth rank in respect to magnitude. The Boston Public Library is a little more than half the size of the library of Congress, possessing 400,000 books.

The bookstacks of the new library of

000 books.

The bookstacks of the new library of Congress are mere skeletons of iron. Thus the books will be kept cool and well ventilated, which is very important, inasmuch as heat causes them to decay and bad air as heat causes them to decay and bad air makes them moldy. They cannot be destroyed by fire, because there is no inflammable material at hand, and books by themselves will only smolder and do not burn. Besides, the building will be heated entirely by hot water from bollers some distance away from the structure itself and under ground. Ventilation will be furnished artificially, the huge plate-glass windows that admit floods of daylight to the stacks being never opened. Such artificial

dows that admit floods of daylight to the stacks being never opened. Such artificial light as is required will be supplied by incandescent electric lamps.

Immediately surrounding Mr. Spofford's desk, in the center of the great reading room, will be book cases containing 10,000 books of reference, such as encyclopedias, dictionaries, bibliographies, etc. Beeders dictionaries, bil·liographies, etc. Readers will be permitted to help themselves to these volumes without signing tickets, and thus keys to all the world of books will be placed at their disposal for the trouble of belging themselves.

elping themselves. This reading room, which will have desks This reading room, which will have desks for 300 readers, arranged in concentric circles around Mr. Spofford's desk, is the most beautiful room in the world. For its ceiling it has the great dome of the library. The dome is lined with exquisite sculptures, which are set off with brilliant effects in gliding. The walls of the room are of Italian marbles, and are surmounted by ian marbles, and are surmounted by groups of statuary and colossal allegorical figures.

## THE BICYCLE SADDLE.

It is Thought That the Present Style is Too Narrow.

From the St. Louis Republic.

The one improvement that physicians demand before pronouncing the wheel entire-ly safe and healthful, the chief improvement which manufacturers are now trying to produce, is a saddle that shall be wider than the ones now used, and with a short-

The really hygienic saddle will be wide enough to extend under and support the ischia bones, thus throwing the weight of the body on the parts intended by nature to support it in a scated posture. This will prevent the dangerous pressure on the soft parts of the body caused by the use of a saddle too narrow to press the iliac bones.

The saddle for women requires exactly the same improvements, only to a greater extent. It should be wider than that correct for men, and the peak should be shorter and narrower.

er and narrower.

With these improvements, the only objections now raised against the wheel as a means of pleasurable exercise will be for

means of pleasurable exercise will be for-ever removed.

The English are trying to introduce wider saddles; they find it takes a little effort to become accustomed to the seat, as a slight-ly different movement is required, but the reward is great, not only from the hygienic standpoint, but from the fact that the firm, natural seat thus obtained gives much more power to the stroke of the limbs, and is of special sensition uphill work.

## A Tale of the Wheel.

From the Minneapolis Journal. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, The heavy lady mounts the sporty wheel; The thin man holds her on with all his might While neighboring walls re-echo back her squeal.

To hold the lady on, with furrowed brow. In vain will be his flabby muscles tax, Erstwhile the small boy from the nearest fence "Is free with his advice of "Git an ax."

O pride of circumstance and pomp of power, What now avails the large, fat bank account? The laws of gravitation hold their sway; She of embonpoint has lost her mount.

He Had Raised Many Families. From the Denver Catholic.

The elevator boy in the big flat was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children. "What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger, "You're not married, are

"Well, no," replied the boy, "but I've brought up a great many families in my time," and then he gazed up the elevator

An Incident in the Career of Lord Wolseley in India. From the Springfield Republican.

To illustrate some of the disagreeable things which the soldiers suffered in the Soudan, Mr. Nourse tells the following anecdote of the postal service, which also well shows how democratic was Lord Wolseley, the commandant, Nourse went into the post office at Korti to look for some letters. The postmaster was a native and not very much at handwriting, and said that there was nothing for him after a superficial glance at a big pile of papers and letters. Nourse asked to see the pile of letters, and while he was looking them over a man with nothing to designate his rank came into the office in company with another. He took in the situation at a glance and said: "Let's clean this thing out." Whereupon they immed over the counter and bundled the jumped over the counter and bundled the postmaster out, neck and heels. Then they began the examination of the office and found it congested with mail for the army. They searched every nook and cranny and threw the letters for one regiment into one corner, those for another into another, with all the newspapers in the center of the floor. Then they went through each pile and separated it into companies, and before night every letter was in camp and distributed, and the next day the papers were out. Nourse at the time did not know who his companion in the good deed was. He asked him his name and his answer was: "They call me Charley." Some time afterward Nourse was going to see the commandant, and sitting near his tent saw his companion of the post office. "Hello, Charley," he said, "Tm looking for the commandant; where'll I find him?" "Well," said "Charley," "you won't have to look very far. I'm the commandant. Come inside and have a bit to eat and drink." It was Lord Wolseley, and a man worthy of the title. postmaster out, neck and heels. Then the

## AN INVENTOR'S DREAM.

Elias Howe Learned While Asleen

From the Philadelphia Times.

Elias Howe almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be located. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the heel. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed he was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience, he was rather perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought

the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete a machine and make it sew. If not finished in that time, death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked and puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought he was taken cut to be executed. He noticed that the cut to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop, and by 9 a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modeled. After that it was easy. This is the true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.

A Difference. From Pick-Me-Up.

"Did Jack propose to you this evening?" "Well, not exactly; he asked if I could afford a husband!"



SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta,

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